

PETITION OF

To his Excellency
United States,
House of Repre-
sentatives, in Congress

The undersigned

That they are
the United States
loyally attached to
and ardently desir-
ous, for which pur-
poses, their lives and
fortunes, and their

That a large por-
tion, and all of those
that many of them
merchandise and in-
dustries in various
parts of the Union
enjoy the privilege
of citizenship under
condition of citize-
nship may be found
among whom the
citizens' "when he
to repel the enemy
Your petitioners
over and above the
Declaration of In-
dependence, and the
by the opinion of
that of Hon. Edw.
climates to the right
munities pertaining
United States; as
claim, they believe
your Excellency,
following consid-
weigh in the bal-
standing their for-
United States, in
the soil of Louisiana
of success, yet the
since, and until it
estranged, and ev-
chiefs, even the
offered their bosom
territorial integrity
of forty-nine
peaceable citizens
more than fifty
At the close of G-
under the banner
sprinkled their blood
maintenance of the
in a word, they are
will defend it so lo-
hold a musket.

While General An-
son, and the city Le-
gality, Governor S-
fence of the city,
ing to the call, has
short space of time

In consideration
the sun which light-
eration of the ser-
be redeemed by the
humbly beseech your
eyes upon any dis-
fidence and digni-
table rights which
of the great Amer-

There is but a
the midst of the p-
ble conflict; yet the
the action, and the
is making what we
men; trust us

Mr. President at
The petitioners re-
ciding whether they
ready to make every
best Government
create, are to be
establishing a civil
Louisiana, and also
both for the Legis-
gress of the nation

Your petitioners
specific terms to
ley, Military Govern-
eral N. P. Banks, of
Gulf, praying to be
to the end that the
zation of civil govern-
ment has met with
and is feared that
therefore appeal to
of the nation, and
of African descent,
he, by proper ordi-
registers, and admi-
electors.

And your petiti-
New Orleans, Ja-

VETERANS

Maximilian Brule
Lieutenant,
Raymond Gaillard
F. Scott
M. Moreau,
P. Tervallon,
F. Bonseigneur,
J. Bonseigneur,
A. Rouzin,
B. Martin,
E. de la Chapelle,
Julien Hamelin,
M. Riharo,

SIGNATURES OF

APPROVED

Thomas J. Durant
Anthony Fernandez
Ident of the Lo-
President of the
years of 1814-15
1812; Founder
First Union Asso-
President, and two
ident of the Uni-
Republican Associ-
members of the
Central Commis-
State, of which
Thomas J. Duran-
President.

John F. Collins,
Peter Rudolphes,
Union Associat-
Followed by one
ored citizens of Lo-

To his Excellency
United States,
House of Representa-
tives, in Congress

Your Memorialists

loyal citizens of L-
free. They have
signers of the ac-
Memorial is sup-
porting the said p-
as your Memorial-
contained.

That your Mem-
orable consider
prayer in addition
namely:

Whereas, the
States has no au-
thority over the Sit-
uation of voters at
done by the auth-
to white citizens
ry and naval serv-
clearly appear to

That the Con-
15, excludes sold-
navy of the Un-

Poetry.

THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH.
[1857.]

BY JOHN G. WHITTEY.

Rivermouth Rocks are fair to see,
By dawn or sunset shores across,
When the ebb of the sea has left them free
To dry their fringes of gold-green moss:
For there the river comes winding down
From salt meadows and upland brown,
And waves on the outer rocks a foam
Shout to its waters, "Welcome home!"

And fair are the sunny isles in view
East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
And Agamemnon's life in blue
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er;
And southward, when the tide is down,
Twist white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,
The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel
Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,
Two hundred years ago and more,
A boat sailed down through the winding ways
Of Hampton river to that low shore,
Full of a goodly company
Sailing out on the summer sea,
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,
With the Boar to left and the Rocks to right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers laid
Their scythes to the swaths of salted grass,
"Ah, well-a-day!" our mate made
A young man sigh, who saw them pass.
Lead laughing his fellows to see him stand
Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,
Hearing a voice in a far-off song,
Watching a white hand beckoning long.

"Fie on the white!" cried a merry girl,
As she rounded the point where Goody Cole
Sat at her door with her wheel a-twirl,
A bent and blue-eyed poor old soul.
"Oho!" she muttered, "ye're brave to day!
But I hear the little waves laugh and say,
The brook will be cold that waits at home;
For it's one to go, but another to come!"

"She's curs'd," said the skipper; "speak her fair:
In a scurvy way to see her shake
Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,
And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a snake."
But merrily still, with laugh and shout,
From Hampton river the boat sailed out,
Till the huts and the flocks on Star seemed hid,
And they lost the scent of the pines of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lily tide,
Drawing up haddock and mottled cod;
They saw not the Shadow that walked beside,
They heard not the feet with silence shod.
But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,
Shut by the lightnings of heaven and through;
And no mist grew, like the growth of a beast,
Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the darkening sea
Up to the dimmed and waiting sun;
But he spoke like a brave man cheerily,
"Yet there is time for our homeward run."
Veering and tacking, they backward went,
And just as a breath from the woods ashore
Blew out to whisper of danger past,
The wrath of the storm came down at last!

The skipper hauled at the heavy rail:
"God be our help!" he only cried,
As the roaring gale, like the stroke of a flail,
Smote the boat on its starboard side.
The shoalmen looked, but saw alone
Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise blown,
Wild rocks lit up by lightning's glare,
The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door:
The Isles of Shoals were drowned and gone,
Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar
Toss the foam from tufts of stone.
She clasped her hands with a grip of pain,
The tear on her cheek was not of rain:
"They are lost," she muttered, "boat and crew!
Lord, forgive me! my words were true!"

Suddenly seaward swept the squall;
The low sun smote through cloudy rack;
The shoals stood clear in the light and all;
The trend of the coast lay west and black.
But far and wide as eye could reach,
No life was seen upon wave or beach:
The boat that went out at morning, never
Sailed back again into Hampton river.

O mowers, lean on thy braided mat,
Look from the meadows green and low:
The wind of the sea is a wail of death,
The waves are singing a song of woe.
By silent river, by moaning sea,
Long and vain shall they watching be:
Never again shall the sweet voice call,
Never the white hand rise and fall!

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight
Ye saw in the light of breaking day!
Dead flocks looking up cold and white
From sand and sea-weed where they lay!
The mad old tide-wife wailed and wept,
And cursed the tide as it backward crept:
"Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-break!
Leave your dead for the hearts that break!"

Solemn it was in that old day
In Hampton town and its log-built church,
Where side by side the coffin lay,
And the mourners stood in aisle and porch.
In the singing-seats young men were dim,
The voices faltered that raised the hymn,
And Father Dalton, grave and stern,
Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn.

But his ancient colleagues did not pray,
Because of his sin at fourteen years;
He stood apart, with the iron-gray
Of his strong brows knitted to hide his tears.
And a wretched woman, holding her breath
In the awful presence of sin and death,
Covered and shrank, while her neighbors thronged
To look on the dead her shame had wronged.

Apart from them, like them forbidd,
Old Goody Cole looked drearily round,
As two by two, with their faces hid,
The mourners walked to the burying-ground.
She felt the staff from her clasped hands fall:
"Lord, forgive us! we're sinners all!"
And the voice of the old man answered her:
"Amen!" said Father Bacher.

So, as I sat upon Apple-tree
In the calm of a closing summer day,
And the broken lines of Hampton shore
In purple mist of clouded day,
The Rivermouth Rocks their story told;
And waves aglow with sunset gold,
Riding and breaking in steady chime,
Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed once more
With a softer, tenderer after-glow;
In the east was moon-rise, with boats offshore,
And sails in the distance drifting slow.
The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,
The White Isle kindled its great red star;
And life and death in my old-time lay
Mingled in peace like the night and day!

—See *Norfolk County Records*, 1857; *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, No. II, p. 192. The former lapse of the first minister of Hampton, at the age of fourscore, is referred to in the third number of the same periodical. Goody Cole, the Hampton widow, was twice imprisoned for the alleged practice of her arts.
—*Atlantic Monthly* for April.

PRESS ON!

Press on! press on! ye sons of light!
Uttering in your holy right.
Still treading that temptation down,
And battling for a higher crown.

The Liberator.

CASE OF A NON-RESISTANT CONSCRIPT.

QUINCY, (Mass.) March 16, 1864.

FRIEND GARRISON:

The subjoined letter, with the personal narrative of my experience as a Conscript in the hands of the American Government, is sent to you with the request that it be published, if agreeable. The language of the officers is simply the substance, without attempting to quote the precise words; although, in many instances, it is correct to the letter.

HEAD QRS. 12TH MASS. INF'TRY,
Camp near Kelly's Ford, Dec. 14, 1863.

TO EDWIN M. STANTON, Sec. of War:

I have the honor, in compliance with accompanying endorsements in communication relating to John Wesley Pratt, Co. D, 12th Mass. Inf'try, to report as follows:—

The day following, he positively refused to do any duty. I reported his case to my Brigade Commander, and he issued orders to punish him, and make him do his duty. He continued to refuse, and I caused him to be tied to a wagon near my Head Qrs., telling him that when he consented to do his duty, I would release him; at the same time calling the attention of the Regimental Surgeon to the case, and requesting him to examine the man, and, if the punishment was too severe, or in any way endangering his health, I would release him.

At my request, he consented to do his duty in the Pioneer Corps, and was released. Soon after, the Regiment moved; he abandoned his gun, equipments, and pioneer tools, and straggled. When he joined his Regiment, he was arrested, and placed under guard. I received a communication from said Pratt, which I forwarded through the regular military channels. Gen. Newton, Comm'd'r (First), returned the communication with endorsements, with which I have complied.

The result of Pratt's behavior in the Regiment caused another man in the same company to refuse to do duty. Charges have been preferred against Pratt for uttering treasonable language among the men of his Company—such as, "The South ought to be let alone," or words to that effect. The statement, that he was tied up in the woods, among miles is false; neither was he tied so that his feet barely touched the ground. He had the same shelter that the Government furnishes other conscripts.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your ob't servant,
BENJ. F. COOK,
Major Comm'd'r 5th Reg't.

On the 17th of July, 1863, I was drafted in Taunton. A few days after, I was notified to appear at that place for examination. Arrived at Taunton, I was subjected to the usual examination in such cases by Dr. Hubbard, the examining Surgeon, who made the following somewhat remarkable statement:—"Well, you don't look like a very well man; but the fact is," (turning to his assistant,) "we must accept some of these men, or we shall get no soldiers"; and he pronounced me "sound."

The Provost-Marshal allowed us then to return home, saying, "I won't be hard with any of you, but will allow you time to make up your minds what to do."

Paying no further attention to the matter, I received a letter from Capt. Hall, ordering me to "report immediately, as I had not been discharged from the draft"; which letter reached me about the first of October. I immediately addressed a letter to Capt. Hall, which was as follows:

QUINCY, Oct. 2, 1863.
TO CAPT. J. W. D. HALL, Provost Marshal 2d District, Taunton, Mass.:

Sir—Up to the breaking out of the present rebellion, I was earnestly for peace. The excitement consequent on the firing on Sumner carried me away in its almost irresistible might, until I found myself advocating the carrying on of a more cruel and relentless war than yet recorded in history.

Two years have passed away, and no definite result has been reached, save one—the passage of a law which, in its cruel and despotic enactments, commands itself to the Autocrat of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey; unflinchingly declaring, in the last half of the nineteenth century, and in the face of the sublime doctrines of the age, (doctrines enunciated by Him who died on Calvary's cross), that Peace and Christianity are ideal names; "O shame, where is thy blush!" I repudiate, I denounce such infidelity, such practical atheism. I will obey none of its requirements. In the midst of all this, I am for peace. I loathe, I detest war. I shall neither evade nor obstruct the Government, except in the performance of my duty to humanity; but I cannot fight.

Yours, for Universal Peace,
J. WESLEY PRATT,
Conscript, 2d District.

J. W. D. HALL, Provost Marshal.
On Friday, October 9th, I was waited on by two officers, White of Weymouth, and French of Quincy—White, as I have since learned, being armed with pistols and handcuffs, prepared to take me, "dead or alive, to Taunton."

On learning their business, I asked for one day, in order to finish some work which was begun, but was told by White that he could not comply, as his business would not permit it; but he advised me to go to Taunton with him, and he had no doubt Hall would grant me a furlough for a few days.

Question by White—"What kind of a letter did you write to Hall?"

Answer—"I wrote, in substance, that 'war is opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and I will obey none of the requirements of the conscription act.'"

White—"I thought you must have written something very aggravating, by the tone of his letter to me."

Hereupon he took from his pocket the letter from Hall, and read:—"You can ascertain from Wymann Abernethy about the man Pratt. I conclude, by his letter to me, that he is either a fanatic, a fool, or a dangerous man."

Reply—"I expect to be called a 'fanatic'; I may be a 'fool'; but my friends and acquaintances can decide whether I am a 'dangerous man.'"

White—"Well, what do you intend to do?"

Reply—"I shall go to Taunton as a prisoner."

White—"Will you meet me at the depot, in time for the cars?"

To which I answered "Yes"; and after supplying myself with a letter from Abernethy, recommending me for a furlough, I did so, and went with White to Taunton; he deeming the further assistance of French unnecessary; especially with the implements of war and subjugation which he carried in his pocket.

On arriving in Taunton, I was taken at once to the office of the "Capt."—that worthy giving me a somewhat reserved greeting—and without any further words, handing my letter to him, to White, for his personal criticism. He pronounced it "a very strange letter," which very sage conclusion was responded to by Hall as follows:—"Now, Pratt, what induced you to write such a foolish letter? Explain yourself, sir."

Reply—"It was written from convictions of duty; duty to myself, to freedom, and to humanity."

Hall—"But you say you do not intend to 'evade or obstruct the Government.' Why, this Government, I calculate, is pretty strong; do you expect you can 'evade or obstruct' it?"

Reply—"Every man's power to do either is just in proportion to his natural or acquired abilities; to that extent I can do so—no further."

Hall—"You say you will obey none of the requirements of the conscription act. Why, then, are you here?"

Reply—"I am here as a prisoner; and a prisoner not in consequence of violating 'law,' but in obedience to a power which I cannot, if I would, resist."

Hall—"Do you intend to pay three hundred dollars?"

"No, sir."

"To procure a substitute?"

"No, sir."

"What then?"

"Does not my letter explain? I am conscientiously opposed to bearing arms; in other words, I am a Non-Resistant."

Hall—"Non-Resistant? Nonsense!"

He [Hall] then went into the causes of the present strife; describing, in a graphic manner, how, "for fifty years, it had been the determined purpose of the

South to destroy the noblest government which the world ever saw; culminating in the attack on Fort Sumter, and the last act of almost unheard of barbarity, the awful butchery by the bushwhackers under Quantrell."

Reply—"Listen, for a moment, to the great Teacher—'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them. Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.'"

Hall—"Why, sir, Jesus Christ himself would have engaged in this war, had he been living. Besides, he teaches obedience. He says, 'Servants, obey your masters.'"

Reply—"Are you not mistaken? I supposed it to be St. Paul who uttered that."

Hall—"Well, it matters not, as Paul was a believer in Christ."

Reply—"Then we are to consider the language of a devout 'believer' to be as authoritative as that of Christ himself. Is that the point?"

Hall—"I wish you to understand that when you attack a law that I am sworn to execute, I shall enforce it, if it is in my power; and I think it is. I am determined to make you obey one of 'the requirements' of the law by coming here, even if you came in a coffin."

At this stage in our conversation, he was very much excited, pounding the desk with his fist, and raising his voice till it was hoarse with passion.

Reply—"But I should not have 'obeyed' the law if I had come in a coffin, should I?"

At about this time he opened a drawer, and drew forth a pistol, a six-shooter, all loaded and capped, and said, "If a man comes into this office, and offers any insult or resistance to my authority, I shall not hesitate to use it; but I don't feel like using it on such a man as you."

Reply—"Now, Captain, you are not the Government. Your language and manner would seem to convey the impression to your hearers that you are, in fact, the Government itself; instead of a servant of the Government, charged with certain duties."

Hall—"Yes! and I intend to do so." Beating the desk with his fist, he exclaimed, "Well, Pratt, to-morrow you will have to put on a uniform; and, depend upon it, it will be put on if it takes six men to do it."

Reply—"Do not give yourself that trouble, sir; it will take only one man to do it."

I asked him for a furlough, and, after making some inquiry about my object in going home, he replied, "Yes, I will give you a furlough, but you must first take the oath."

Reply—"I shall take no oath, sir."

Hall—"Then you can affirm; it is all the same."

Reply—"I know it is; and for that reason, I shall do neither."

Hall—"Now, Mr. Pratt, you will gain nothing by such a course; besides, your friends will think less of you than they would if you do your duty like a man."

Reply—"The warrior, as he rides rough-shod over human hearts, may gain the applause of the multitude. But who wins the approbation of his own soul? THE MAN WHO DARES TO DO RIGHT."

But enough: our conversation lasted two or three hours, and my time as well as memory fails to tell all that was said.

The morning came, and at about ten o'clock I was taken to the clothing-room, to be arrayed in the costume of our venerable Uncle. The officer in charge (Peter Thayer) ordered me to put on the clothes; and on my refusal said, "Come, I'll have no humbugging about this"—while his eyes denoted the very tempest within.

"Well, then, put them on yourself—I shall offer no resistance."

He then proceeded to strip me, clothed me in "army blue," and put a knapsack on my back, and marched me back to the office, where I was ordered to sign a receipt for the clothing. Refusing to sign it, as I had had no clothing, I was threatened with severe consequences; and at last my hand was grasped by a "friend," Peter Thayer, in whose right hand was a pen, and he finally succeeded in tracing my name on the paper. I then said, "These gentlemen will bear witness that I signed nothing." Thayer exclaimed, triumphantly, "They will bear witness that I made you do it."

We then started for Long Island, Boston harbor. While in the cars, Mr. Thayer came to me, and said, "I wish to give you a word of advice." I was all attention.

Thayer—"If you attempt to carry out the course that you have begun, you will be court-martialed and shot."

Reply—"Well, let them shoot."

Thayer—"Have you taken the oath?"

Reply—"No—I refused to do so."

While on our way from Boston to Long Island, he came to me again, and said, "Do you intend to carry this out as you have begun?"

Reply—"I do, though the consequences be what you predict."

Thayer—"Now, it seems to me that, as you are a man of considerable intelligence, the better course for you would be to do your duty manfully, and in a little time you might rise to a position of honor and trust, simply by your abilities; merit does not go unrewarded."

Smiling at the evident "drift" of my "friend," I replied, "Did you ever know a man to rise to such positions in a calling which he soul abhorred? Indeed, is it not impossible?"

Thayer—"It is, perhaps, some truth in that; but I am sorry for your family, as they will lose whatever bounty and State aid will be due them."

To which I made no reply, satisfied that my family would not suffer while the good God presided over the affairs of men as well as nations.

On arriving at the Island, I was taken to Head Qrs. (Gen. Devens's) where my pockets were searched for pistols, knives, or other deadly weapons, and I was ordered to divest myself of my vest, (it being a censored), as I should not be allowed to wear it. I entered my protest, as I had been in the habit of wearing it, and I should be liable to take cold without it; but finding it would be torn from my body if I refused, I gave it to Thayer, who promised to send it to my wife, with the rest of my clothing, from Taunton; which was faithfully done.

I then took up my quarters with 13th Detachment, Mass. Conscripts, on Saturday, October 10th; and, on Monday, 12th, I addressed a letter to Gen. Devens, explaining my position and purposes, and expressing a willingness to do hospital work; but received no reply, nor any intimation in regard to it.

In the forenoon, we were ordered on "drill" without muskets; which consisted merely of marching about the camp, and learning the "facings." Thinking to get some reply from Devens, I consented to "drill" once, and only once.

In the afternoon came "drill" again; but refusing, I was arrested, and placed under a corporal and file of men, to be marched to the "Guard-House"; but before we arrived there, our steps were arrested by the countermanding of the order by Gen. Devens; and I was marched back to the tent, to remain "until further orders."

The next day I was taken to the edge of the high bank that bounds the Island, and a spade was given me, and I was ordered to dig a sink of the following dimensions: two feet wide, six feet long, and four feet deep. I went cheerfully to work, and continued it for nearly the whole day; or until I was told by the corporal that I had done enough. It being very hard digging, after I got through the soil, I asked for a "pick"; but the Lieutenant told me that I was "doing well enough without it."

The next day I finished it; the next, I was ordered to fill it up. What prevented them from keeping up the operation till this time has never yet been explained; but perhaps the Government can tell. I

was placed on no further "duty" while I remained on the Island, except some light "fatigue" work, such as sweeping the Company street, and picking up offal that always collects about camp.

On or about the 27th October, I went on board the steamer Forest City, bound for Alexandria; on our way to become a part of the 12th Massachusetts.

One fact, which I forgot to mention. While on the Island, I asked the Lieut.-Comm'd'r Detachment belonging to the 22d Mass. to use his influence to procure me a situation in the hospital as nurse. His reply was, "I cannot use my influence for any one in any such case; as I am opposed to detailing men for special duty. I have seen the evil of it in the Regiment."

What the evil was, he did not condescend to inform me. We had some conversation, but little of which I can now call to mind.

Lieut.—"Why, then, holding such views, do you vote?"

Reply—"I do not vote, sir."

Lieut.—"Ah! you are then a Garrisonian, No. Christian, No Church, no Bible, no Sabbath, no Christianity."

Reply—"You are mistaken, sir, in your estimate of Mr. Garrison."

Reply—"But he don't believe in the Bible."

Reply—"Do you, sir, believe in it as a work of penury inspiration?"

Lieut.—"Certainly. I must believe in all, or reject the whole. Don't you believe in miracles?"

Reply—"I don't believe a miracle was ever performed."

Lieut.—"Oh, I can't talk with you"—and he turned and left me.

Nothing occurred, worth mentioning here, on our way to Alexandria, except that Sergt. Snow, of the 12th Mass., ordered me on guard one day, and no notice was taken of my refusal to go. We arrived in A. on the Sunday following the Tuesday on which we went on board, after touching at Fortress Monroe. Immediately on our arrival, a detachment of the 16th New York, an Irish Zouave Regiment, met us on the wharf, halted, and commenced loading their guns.

Choi! Choi! We were all, then, a quiet, unexcited "mob," having made no hostile demonstrations. But perhaps they did not know that a "member of the Society of Friends" was present. Having performed that extra-cautious feat, they ranged themselves on each side of us, and we were marched to the Soldiers' (un)Rest, where, guarded by Zouaves with loaded guns, and not allowed to go outside of the building without one or more attending us, we passed the night.

On Monday, Nov. 2d, we were taken to the Arsenal to get our guns; and the Lieut. who was charged with the duty of distribution offered me one, which I refused to accept, saying, "I have conscientious scruples against bearing arms."

Lieut.—"Well, the Government does not allow us to exercise any discretion in the matter; so I shall have to strap it on your back."

Reply—"I expect you will do your duty."

Lengthening out the strap, he placed the gun on my back, so that the strap came across my neck on the front, while the gun hung suspended at an angle of forty-five degrees. He then offered me a "round about."

On my refusing to take it, he merely remarked, "I think you are very foolish," and proceeded to strap it over the gun; and in that way I went back with the others to the Soldiers' Rest.

We set our guns up in a pile, and a guard was placed over them till the next day, when we were ordered to put on our roundabouts, and "fall in." The last order I complied with, but I did not put on my roundabout. A Corporal was detailed (one of the guards) to distribute the guns; but I did not take one, and, of course, there was one left. The Captain (Brady) came in soon after, and seeing the gun, inquired who "owned" it. Nobody seeming to claim it, he tried to find the owner by looking up and down the line; but as I was in the rear rank, he did not see me until we commenced marching out of the hall. On seeing me, he exclaimed, "Here is the man that ain't got no gun. Here, take this gun!"

Reply—"I can't do it."

Brady—"What in h—l is the reason you can't take this gun?"

Reply—"Because I am conscientiously opposed to bearing arms."

Brady—"G—d—n your conscientious scruples! What in h—l do you suppose I care for your scruples? Here! take this gun!"

Reply—"I will not."

Hereupon he ordered a "halt," and then proceeded to strap it on my back; but the "roundabout" was left behind.

The 12th Mass. was then at Bristol Station, distant some thirty-five miles from Alexandria over the Orange and Alexandria railroad. We arrived in the afternoon, and I was attached to Co. D, 12th Mass. Lieut. Bachelder commanding. After pitching my tent, I called on the Lieut. and explained my position; that I was "opposed to war as contrary to the spirit and teachings of Christ, and in violation of the best interests of mankind."

Lieut.—"Well, you had better do your duty; for you will only make trouble for yourself; you will get in the guard-house, which is a dirty place, and you will be in the company of deserters; and if you do not change your mode of action, you will be court-martialed and shot."

I replied, "Well, let them shoot."

Lieut.—"Oh, I can't argue with a man in such a contest as this, about the claims of Christianity."

The next morning, at 9 o'clock, I was waited on by the Sergeant of the company, and ordered to "turn out" for drill. I answered, "No, I cannot drill."

Sergt.—"Why not?"

Reply—"I am conscientiously opposed to bearing arms."

Sergt.—"But you must go on drill, or go to the guard-house."

Reply—"Then I shall go to the guard-house."

He reported me to Major Benjamin F. Cook, of Gloucester, Mass., commanding the regiment. I was ordered to appear forthwith at his headquarters.

Major—"Do you refuse to drill this morning?"

Reply—"I do."

Major—"What church do you belong to? and why do you refuse to drill?"

The first of these questions should be written last.

Reply—"Because my conscience will not permit it, and I belong to no church."

Major, to his orderly—"Take him out, and tie him up among the mules."

I was taken out, and tied with my hands behind me to a hind wheel of the regimental wagon, allowing about two feet play room; the Major himself performing the operation, saying, at the same time, "I'll see if you will refuse to do your duty." I remained in this position from 9 o'clock in the morning till 5 in the afternoon, without dinner. I was then released, because the teamster wanted to use the wagon. In regard to being actually "tied up among the mules," I will here state that the mules (four of them) were tied to the front of the wagon, while I was tied to the rear of the same.